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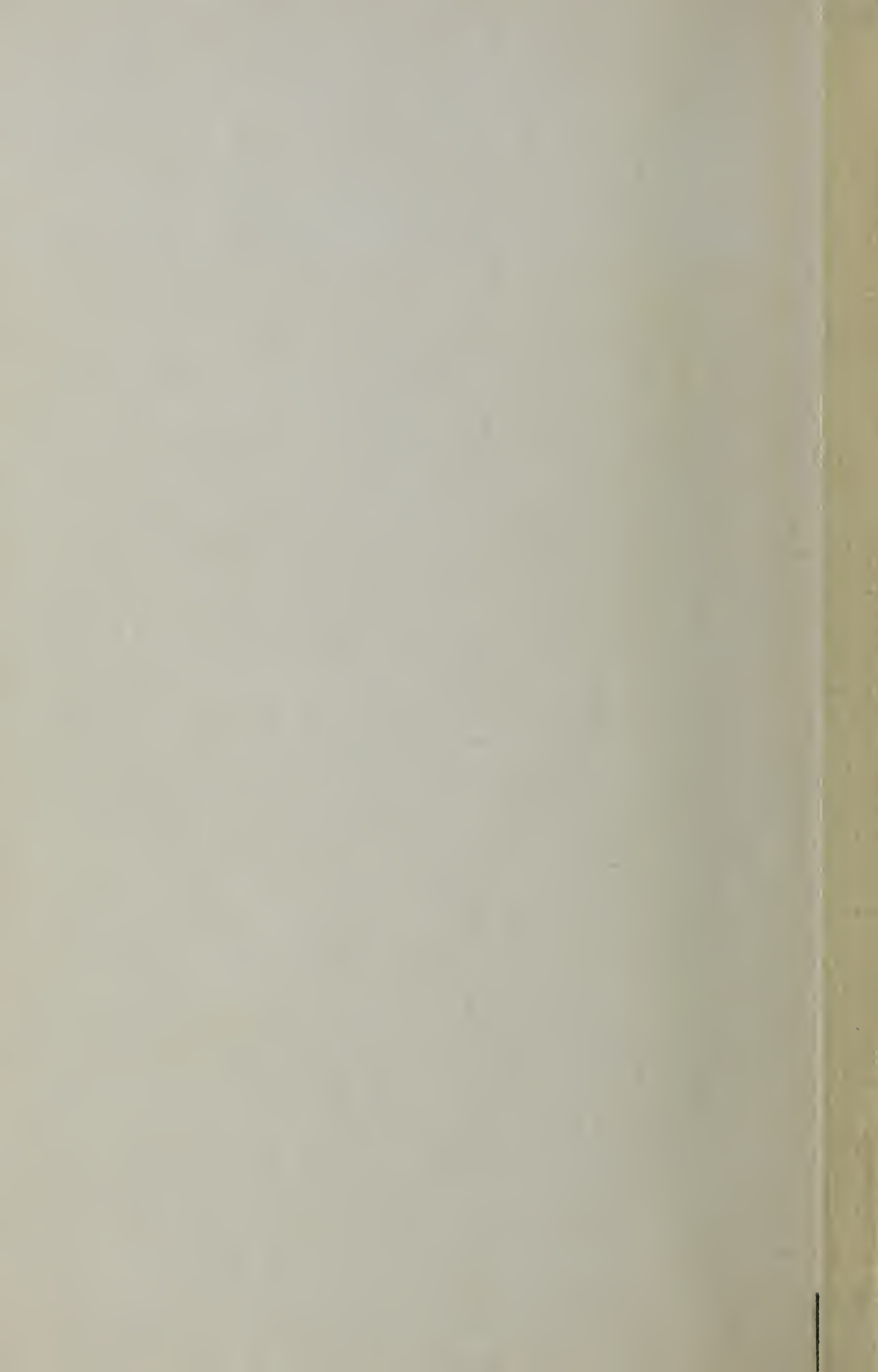
1900

Clemson College Chronicle

June 1900 - containing

History and pictures of the

Class of 1900.



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED

Clemson College Chronicle - June 1900

[Taps 1900]

CLEMSON
COLLEGE
CHRONICLE

R. E. Connor

Rock Hill S. C.

S. C.
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1900

W. K. Hocking

305 Calumet St.

Columbia S. C.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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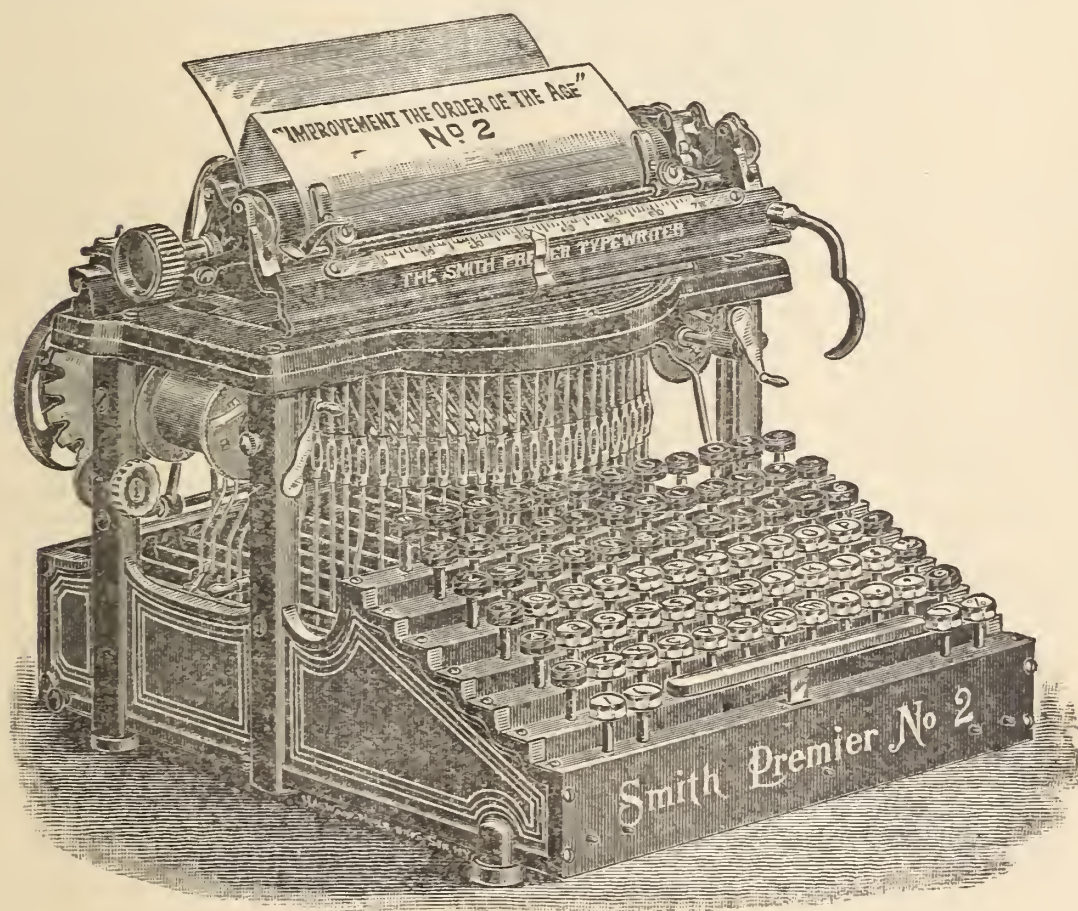
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VOL. III.

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JUNE, 1900.

No. 9

Literary Department.

L. O. MAULDIN, }
E. M. MATTHEWS, } - - - - - EDITORS.

The Battle Flag Unfurled.

The nations are at war. The age of "blood offering" has not yet passed. At this period in the world's history, we are compelled to consider the morality or immorality of war.

On the 18th of May, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, representatives of the world's foremost powers assembled at the Hague, amid the solemn peal of national bells, and the murmur of sweet music, interrupted by the thundering of cannon at Glencoe and Ladysmith. A thousand enthusiastic pens celebrated the peace manifesto of the Czar, as the beginning of a new era in the history of the nations. Yet, to-day the world must stand convinced of the fact, that arbitration and disarmament is but a theory—an iridescent dream.

No doubt you have heard much of the horrors and cruelties of war, of the beauties and benefits of arbitration, and have pictured to yourself that longed for millennium:

"When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

But you have ever glanced at the obverse side and considered the advantages—nay, even the necessity and

morality of war? It has been so universally conceded that war is a curse, and that the progress of civilization is slowly eradicating this evil, that many people have accepted this view as the only genuine one to hold. Yet there is so much to be said in favor of war, that I shall endeavor to throw out a few hints which may suggest the conclusion, that war is not only necessary but moral.

I would have you turn your eyes upon God's handiwork around you and observe the lessons therein set forth. See the silver stream as it flows gaily onward, and note the pebbles in its lucid depths whose surfaces have been worn smooth and round by the liquid war upon their faces? See the giant oak in yonder forest whose very strength has sapped the life-blood from the stubby growth around! Turn to yonder cloud and see it as it gathers unto itself, drifting clouds, growing larger and heavier until the whole sky is darkened. Then note the awful majesty of the heavens, as the thunder clouds burst and the rains fall, here and there blasting a noble tree, and spoiling the fair face of nature, but yet refreshing the thirsty earth, so that it may yield its fruits. Thus nature's self doth teach us how to war.

Ascend the scale a little, and learn how savage beasts exist upon weaker animals around them. Yet still higher, and note the daily battle of man for bread—how he slaves and toils and fights for his sustenance; how he crushes the weaker man in his eagerness for supremacy. This struggles when organized becomes war.

I would have you also reflect upon that moral warfare which is the essence of our nature—the struggle between the principles of good and evil, continually taking place within the breast of each one of us. If war is really the "great accursed," and to be shunned on every side, then life itself, in the world must be "accursed," and we must

resign ourselves to the tranquil existence of the hermit and recluse, of old; for life, as God means it for us, is a great battlefield where the two mightiest protagonists wage an inevitable war which will cease only when the essence of things are dissolved on that great day in the universal love of God, whose dwelling of light, truth, and love is alone free from the din of incessant strife.

This battle of the soul, against darkness, doubt, despair, and the devil, as man began to recognize man as a fellow and comrade in the struggle, became the animating principle of whole bodies of men, and sent them in armed battalions into the field of struggle for rights, liberties and common country.

War had its origin in the early morning of history, when men banded themselves together for mutual protection. That the Old Testament is permeated with a warlike spirit needs no proof. Jehovah is known as the Lord of Hosts, and his commands to his people more frequently involve bloodshed than compromise. Did he not impose the extermination of the Canaanites upon his people as a sacred duty? And all through the ages that have taught us that we are obeying his commands when we uphold a righteous cause.

I need not tell you of the many wars of the dark ages in which the great concrete foundations of Christianity were laid: when Goth and Hun and Vandal invading the empire with fire and sword, came only to be conquered, and christianized whole armies at a time; nor of the Crusades by which the coarseness of the West was brought into contact with the culture of the East; nor of the various other wars that have been factors in the advancement of civilization. Let me hasten to speak of later wars that have benefitted humanity,—of a revolution in England's colonies, that not only saved civil liberty in

England, but laid the foundations of a magnificent commonwealth in the New World. Americans fought for liberty. Were they justified? The glad answer of over seventy millions of people, in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity, is, "Yes! a thousand times, yes!"

War has followed, and must ever follow, when one part of a nation denies the inalienable rights of the other part; and so, less than half a century ago, the world was made to tremble, at a struggle between two parts of this nation which had itself been founded by a war. Sons of the same country grappled at each other's throats in support of a cause that each thought to be just. Could either have refused battle to the other? If the North had not fought for the idea of union which she firmly believed in, or the South not boldly maintained, before the world, rights under a constitution which her representatives mainly had helped to frame,—could the men of either section grasp the hands of the men of the other without a blush of shame? No! war, bloody as it proved to be was necessary to settle the differences when once they were brought prominently forward in the public consciousness. And to-day the heroism of both armies is the common heritage of the republic. Nor could the unparalleled prosperity of both parts of the nation, since that struggle, ever have been, or the cordial feeling that we may now safely predict, ever have existed, without that struggle? The Puritan of the North and the Cavalier of the South were cast in different moulds, and it was impossible for two such types of character, so widely divergent in customs and traditions, one or the other of which has stamped its impress on every State of the Union, to dwell together in peace. The contest had to come; but in that meeting the two discordant elements were welded together into one homogeneous people, and pitiable indeed is he who

would strive to relight those smouldering embers of sectional opposition and party strife. The bitter cup has passed; the last stumbling-block has been removed from our path of progress, and we can now move forward with a giant's stride to that high destiny for which the chastening hand of God has fitted us—the greatest nation and the grandest people in all the mighty tide of time.

Still following the history of our own republic, I would bring to your notice, sirs, the highest and noblest cause for battle—battle for the sake of humanity—the chastisement of an effete and corrupt nation, and the liberation of a brave and struggling people. In Cuba, that “Pearl of the Antilles,” which Spain had won so proudly, but which she had so sadly misused, she was at last to find her Nemesis. For the murder of her own people; for the blood of those slaughtered millions during the reign of the Inquisition, whose terrible cry of suffering could not be silenced, but came ringing down through the centuries, Spain incurred a terrible retribution. By the same stroke, the right to push forward in the march of civilization, and to enjoy the blessings of liberty. Spain goaded us by her taunts and insults, and buried our brave sailors in the putrid waters of Havana Harbor; Cuba cried to us through her widows and orphans. Was war ever more necessary—ever morally more justified?

But consider furthermore, the beneficent results of this war upon our own people. The Spanish-American war has welded the Union together, as fifty years of peaceful days could not have done, and to-day, North and South are side by side, blazing the path of civilization into distant and foreign lands.

Whatever sectional bitterness and party strife existed by virtue of the Civil war has been swept away, and we now stand in the close communion of a common brotherhood.

Then let us cant no more of war and its horrors, for America, the envied pearl of the western diadem, stands proudly forth as the exponent of battle to the death. And may the time never come when it can be said of America, as of other less courageous countries,

“The nations do but murmur, snarling at each other’s heels,
And the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels.”

For when a great nation takes its hand from the sword-hilt to put a penny in its purse, the end of its glory is near.

This grand and mighty nation, which has been for the past hundred years gathering strength for the struggle, but yesterday stepped forth in her might, and flinging down the gauntlet, announced a new world-policy and principles of government, and by that act pledged herself to maintain in the face of all comers, not only her own freedom—for that no one will contest—but the freedom and independence of all who turned to her for aid. Shall she turn back to-day, fearing lest she spend a little blood and a little coin in war; or lest she will not receive the plaudits of the Old World, jealous forsooth, and fearful for their own pet oppressions?

I sometimes dream that God in his mercy raised this nation up unto salvation. I delight to trace in the rise and fall of the past nations the finger of God, and strive to read the Almighty’s plan in the historic page. In the farthest East appeared the first feint light of civilization’s dawn, and westward ever since, the star of empire hath taken its way; while each succeeding nation that rose in its luminous path hath reached a higher plane and wrought out a grander destiny. Egypt, whose lofty pyramids stand as a monument to the people who gave to the world the beginning of mathematics; the Greek, whose beautiful temples but symbolize the art and cul-

ture that they contributed ; the Roman, who first reduced government and organization to a science.

The star now blazes in the world's extreme west, and it is now the appointed time for our own dear country to take the initiative and stand up and do battle for civil rights and liberties, wherever they are endangered in whatever clime. The awful responsibility of leadership against the opposite principle of empire and absolute rule, as exemplified in that other young nation which has grown up so rapidly in Eastern Europe and Asia, rests upon us who have shattered the scepter of the tyrant and broken the shackles of the slave ; who have torn the diadem from off princes' brows, and placed the fasces of authority in the peoples' hands. We have promised to lead the human race to a land where justice reigns supreme. Can we make good our promise? Are we equal to the task to which we have given our hands? All eyes are upon us, my countrymen, in hope or fear, in prayer or protest. Pause not in this grand career, this march of progress, this war of reformation. So long as we need fight the old order for justice's sake, let us not hesitate,

"They say that war is hell, the 'great accursed,'
The sin impossible to be forgiven,
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

"Methinks, I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like the flowers, whose tender grace is learned, beside
The trampling of the surge.

"And when I note how nobly nature's form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true,
That he who made the earthquake and the storm,
Perchance makes battles too."

W. G. HILL, '01.

The Pedagogue.

Royal Hudson was born in a little Pennsylvania town in which one of the State Colleges is situated. He grew up as most other boys do surrounded by a group of boys about his own age. At the proper age he was placed in the college where many of his play fellows had already begun the life of students.

His early friendship with the boys of his immediate neighborhood deepened into the richer attachments that are peculiar to college men; and with several of these friends he soon formed a little group that came to be characterized as the "friends."

Many happy hours were spent by the "friends" in outdoor sport, or in close communion on the campus. Their greatest intimacy grew from their love affairs; and, as would be expected, no secrets could possibly be kept. The very thoughts of any one became the property of all.

Royal Hudson and Arthur Rembert were close companions and composed the inner circle of the "friends." Royal had loved Arthur's sister, Nonie, from the time when they had played together as children. And as he grew to be a man and she a woman, their love grew from a sentiment to the firm attachment of maturer years. No golden band told the world that they were engaged; and, in fact, neither had ever spoken of the future. But there was that understanding with which loving hearts are bound together, far more enduring than the sentiment of the band of gold.

The few years of Royal's college life were a season of unalloyed happiness. But to all things human comes the *finis*. And the fortune of life decreed that he should be separated from the scenes, and later from even the memory of his happiness.



CHRONICLE STAFF, SESSION '99-'00.

J. L. KENNEDY, ED.-IN-CHIEF, '00. B. H. RAWL, ASS'T BUS. MGR, '00. S. E. LILES, EXCHANGE ED, '00. F. A. LAWTON, LOCAL ED, '00.

After graduation it was decided that he should go South and begin his profession of teaching. Royal's leave-taking was a sad one, but with all the courage at command, he turned from the past and resolutely faced the future. But all was not dark in his new, Southern home. Like all other young fellows similarly situated he found moments in which to build air castles of fame and wealth; and later, made up his mind that there was no virtue in either, and that all his heart craved was to make one little woman happy.

While our young friend was engaged in the peaceful pursuits of love and pedagogy, the nation was in the greatest excitement over state's rights and slavery. Speeches had been made in the Senate, and the justness of each side had been proclaimed from platforms north and south. The pedagogue studied the questions at issue and the motives of those who made the arguments, and decided where his allegiance should be placed. The excitement grew intense and every one expected the catastrophe that came January 9, 1861.

With the outbreak of war the fortune of Royal Hudson underwent another and more serious change. He had lived several years in the south and had grown in sympathy with southern life and thought. He saw the great questions of politics as southerners saw them; and his honest, chivalrous nature revolted at the treatment his neighbors were given by northern politicians. And was he not a southerner despite the fact of northern birth? Nothing but kindness had been shown him and he had been made the recipient of an hospitality unknown in other sections.

Royal Hudson found presented to him two paths. One preserved his relatives and friends, but at the expense of what he thought right and just. The other course meant

the loss of relatives and friends, but honor unsullied, and a consciousness of duty performed. He chose the latter, and entered the southern army. He had made his choice deliberately and no misgiving was felt when the estrangement came. Cast out by relatives and friends had been the lot of many another northern and sometimes a southern boy.

When even his old college mates gave him up there remained one tie to the happy days of the past. That tie was the constant love of Nonie Rembert. This happiness would have been sufficient for Royal but he never knew that she remained true to him. Indignant parents severed the last cord that bound him to his childhood home. He was left alone.

Royal Hudson served his adopted country throughout the war; and when the "Southern Cross" was furled around the broken staff, he was among those noble men who strived, while hot tears rolled from hunger-furrowed, hopeless faces, to catch a last glimpse of its tattered but honor enshrined folds.

The soldier returned to the scene of his early labor and took up the thread of life. The school was opened and prospered. We will not follow him through the years that immediately followed in which he advanced rapidly in his chosen profession. Suffice it to say, that through all the new honors conferred, the same gentleness of manner and the same ideal of duty remained with him.

When the events just chronicled had grown dim through the more than a score of years that had elapsed, an old, white haired man, grown old in the service of education and crowned with the greatest honors that learned societies could bestow, decided to visit his childhood home.

When a young man he accepted the estrangement of

loved ones as just punishment for the course that he had elected to pursue. But with the whitening hair and return of childhood—a blessing vouchsafed to old age—the feeling that inspired Goldsmith came over him :

“Where’er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untroubled, fondly turns to thee.”

Dr. Hudson found the old homestead and many of his relatives and friends. His parents had long since passed to rest, and only a sister and a brother remained to greet him.

His claim to be Royal Hudson was treated as absurd.

“Why,” said his brother, “Roy has been dead over twenty years ; he was killed in battle and lies buried in the family cemetery.”

Dr. Hudson proved to their satisfaction that he was their brother, and the reunion was complete. No word of reproach from either embittered its sweetness.

He found some of his old college mates and they forgave all the past and received him again to their hearts as one given from the dead.

It was not so with Arthur Rembert. He could not recognize the slender, girlish boy in the sturdy gray haired man.

“Roy Hudson had no beard or gray hair,” said Rembert unwilling to give up his old friend and recognize the stranger.

“Don’t you expect a man’s beard to grow and his hair to get gray ?” asked Dr. Hudson smiling.

“But,” persisted Rembert, “Roy went serenading with us, and I knew all his secrets.”

“Yes, I remember those serenades and the happiness we had and the love affairs of all the fellows.”

“But,” asserted Rembert, as convincing evidence, “Roy could sing.”

"How do you know that I cannot?"

"Well, let me hear you."

Dr. Hudson began singing one of their old favorite college songs, and the voice that had commanded on the battlefield, had helped the young mind to master difficulties, and had held societies spell bound with learned discourses, had lost none of the youthful sweetness. But he could not finish; the arms of his friend were around his neck and tears were in the eyes of both. Their reunion was sweet.

"How is your sister, Nonie?" asked Dr. Hudson.

"She has been dead several years, but come home with me Roy."

They entered the parlor and Arthur took from the table an old album. It opened at Royal's picture. The picture was covered by a letter. Arthur handed the letter to Royal.

"She remained true to you to the last and never married, and when she died left this letter to be placed over your picture. It would not be improper for you to read it."

As Dr. Hudson opened the letter a flaxen curl fell into his hand. He read the letter and silence came over the friends.

Memories crowd thick upon him. He recalls to mind a girlish figure and a wealth of flaxen curls. The letter falls to the floor but the heart reads on.

And there in the deepening twilight he seemed to be clasping a hand, and feeling a great love constraining him while a sweet smile played about his mouth and eyes.

A sigh broke from the parted lips as the curtain was drawn upon the past.

EDGAR M. MATTHEWS, '01.

Why He Stopped.

Nestled among the hazy mountains of North Carolina, lies the little town of M——. It is not what one would call a regular summer resort, but still transient drummers and even a few summer boarders do occasionally arrive.

On the memorable 4th of July of which I write, as the great steel horse paused as for breath, amid the cries of hackmen, a young girl of about eighteen summers, accompanied by her brother, descended from the rear platform of the sleeper. John, the brother, was a healthy, well developed boy, but lacked the winning ways and tender grace of his sister Lucy. They were whirled away to the hotel where new friends were soon met.

Weeks went by in happy freedom, until the frequent drinking of the brother marred the sister's happiness. His drinking was soon followed by bad company and cards, bringing sorrow and misery to Lucy, who tried to warn her brother against the fearful destiny awaiting him. He heeded her not, but with giant strides he hurried himself to ruin. One night as he was gathered with some of his friends about a card table, calling loudly in drunken stupor for more wine, a figure in white stole softly from an adjoining room and laid its hand upon his shoulder—it was his sister. She begged him to stop and come with her, but he would not, and cursing told her to return to her room.

The game went on; wine was brought and drank; money was won and lost, but not until he had lost all, did John rise from the table and staggering went to his room. Drunken, tired, sick at heart, he sat by the window listening to the whippoorwill calling to his mate. The cool wind fanned his aching head, but revenge had taken possession of his heart; and while he was thinking of how some day

luck would smile upon him, his revelry was suddenly ended by a low moan. Not till then had he thought of Lucy, but now he staggered to her room. Kneeling by the open window, the soft rays of the moon falling in silvery waves upon her long, untied hair, clad in white and with folded hands, breathing a prayer for her brother's soul, was his sister. He staggered more as it seemed from being ushered into the presence of one who seemed transformed from the living to one of God's Angels. He stood and watched the still kneeling figure, then crossed the room and kneeling, placed his arm about his sister, while his heart tones blended with earnest prayer, in thanks for her love and forgiveness of his wrongs. The whippoorwill whistled more softly, the cool breeze blew the perfume of roses and violets about the room; the gray mists floated lazily about the mountain tops, while God smiled down on the sinner and the saved.

F. G. D., '02.

An Indian Martyr.

Chulochculla's treaty with the "Great King" had been broken, and the whole Cherokee Nation was preparing for a general massacre of the frontier settlements to avenge the horrible butchery of the Indian prisoners at Fort Prince George. Messengers were hurrying from town to town, the women were chanting their war songs, and the warriors were covering themselves with their hideous war paints; but the brave young chief, Wisuska, had been sitting by his wigwam fire all day.

Late in the afternoon, the great sachem came in and said, "What makes the brave young chief sit by his fire when the sun shines warm? Is he sick?" Wisuska knew that he had already been accused of being the pale-face's

friend, and that he must give the great chief some reason for his indifference. It was several minutes before he replied, then, taking the great chief by the hand, he said: "Wisuska is sad because the spirits of our dead braves have been taking to him. When the night is dark, Wisuska will scalp the pale-face who killed his brother. Wisuska has many scalps in his wigwam, his feet are never tired, his moccasin leaves no tracks. Wisuska would go to-night and watch the pale-face with his women."

The old chief was deceived. Wisuska's request was granted; that night he was sent as a scout, to the settlements along the Saluda in the lower part of what is now Anderson county. Before leaving, however, he went to the wigwam of Lona, an old fortune-telling squaw.

By sunrise the next morning, Wisuska had reached a spring that was only four or five miles from the nearest English settlement. While eating his simple breakfast of parched meal and dried venison, he was startled by hearing a heavy groan in the thicket just behind him. There, by the side of a fallen tree, could be seen the form of a sleeping Indian. Wisuska crept up, pushed back the grass and leaves and carefully examined the sleeper's face. Yes, it was his only living brother, and he was drunk. The white men that had murdered his other brother at Fort Prince George, had also made a dog of Nokoma by selling him their "poison water."

This thought maddened Wisuska. He longed to hear the pale-face's death-shriek, as he sank beneath the Indian's tomahawk; he longed to hold their warm, bloody scalp in his hand. But he must save Eona, the pale-face's beautiful daughter, first, for, if she were lost, what would all earth besides be worth?

There Wisuska stood pondering whether or not to wake

his brother. He knew that for a small bribe Nokoma would willingly join him in his dangerous undertaking, but would Nokoma keep the secret? When you have finished this story, reader, you may answer Wisuska's question as you wish, but for the present we must leave him to accomplish his purpose as best he can while we listen to another tale.

'Twas nearly dark when John Welton reached his cozy little cabin. Here he had expected to find waiting for him a warm supper and his children: Eona, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and Tommie, her little ten-year old brother. But the house was still, the fire had burned out. Where were his children? He called Eona, but heard no answer save the echoes of his own voice as it died away in the dark, wild woods around him.

The news of Captain Cotymore's insidious murder and its accompanying atrocities along with the rumors that the Cherokees were taking the war-path, had just reached the settlement that day. Hence John Welton's first thought and final conclusion was that his children had been murdered by the Indians. Overpowered with sorrow and anguish, he sank down on the door step, and wept. His tears had ceased to flow; and, with a desperate, burning hatred for the Indian that nothing but their blood could satisfy, he sat staring into the darkness. But look! His hand has clutched the hilt of the hunting knife at his side. Noiselessly he raises himself and steps back into the shadow. The fatal moment has come and, with the knife drawn, he rushes on the Indian as he enters the door. But the savage is ready and with one hand wards off the dangerous blow while with the other he buries his tomahawk in the white man's brain. John Welton was dead, and his scalp, along with another that was still wet with blood, was soon dangling from the Indian's belt as he

hurried on through the dark forest to where he had promised to meet the Cherokee warrior at moon-rise.

The moon was just rising when Walter Harris came out of the woods and entered the little inclosure that surrounded John Welton's cabin. His pretext for calling that night was that he wished to hear what news John Welton had heard in the lower settlements that day. But this was only a lover's excuse; the real object of his visit was to see Eona, whom he dearly loved.

Walking on and wondering why he could not see the light gleaming through the crack under the door as heretofore. Walter Harris had almost reached the door before the straggling moonbeams revealed Welton's dead body. There he lay with one arm and his head hanging over the door-sill just as the Indian had left him.

For a moment Walter Harris stood looking at the ghastly face before him, then with a shudder he muttered, "O God, where is Eona?"

After a short fruitless search for her body, he left the cabin and hurried back down the river, telling the people to fly for their lives to the block-house. They needed no urging; the rumor that Captain Chatymore had been murdered and that the Indians were on the war-path, had terrified the settlers. In an hour every woman and child of the settlement, except Eona and Tommie Welton, were in the block-house. The warning had been given none too soon. Before midnight every cabin in the neighborhood was in flames, but morning found the block house and its inmates still unharmed.

All that night Walter Harris had been like a madman. The very thought that Eona's long, dark tresses might then be hanging from some warrior's belt, set his brain on fire. But this was not the worst. Might she not then be a captive and on her way to grace some lustful savage's

wigwam? When he thought of this, he could control himself no longer, but, with a half articulated curse on his lips, he swore by the Great God in Heaven that he would find Eona or die in the attempt.

Day was just breaking when an old half-hermit hunter and Walter Harris left the block-house. This old hunter, Harvey Jones, knew every mountain path in upper Carolina. He had hunted for weeks with the Indians, and knew their habits. With this brave old hunter as a guide, Walter had some hopes of finding, at least, a trace of Eona. But now after a whole week's search, they had found nothing that would give them a clue to her fate. They had been to the very heart of the Cherokee Nation, watching the warriors as they returned from their bloody massacres. There a friendly old squaw had told Jones that no captives had been brought back—that all had been massacred. Then coming back to Welton's home, they had searched in vain every nook and corner of the woods for her body, and were now sitting by the old spring where Walter and Eona had spent so many happy hours.

Lost in thought, Walter Harris sat gazing down the narrow path that led from the spring to the river, when the low warning whistle of the old hunter roused him from his reverie and put him on the *qui vive*. Following the old hunter's example, he stepped behind a tree and cocked his gun. Only a few yards away, some one was pushing his way through the canebrake towards the spring ; and, as he drew near them, two rifles were leveled on the spot marked by the rustling canes. A moment later, however, the rifles had been lowered and Tommie Welton was in Walter's arms.

Tommie's story was soon told. On the afternoon before the settlement had been burned, Wisuska and his brother

had come to Welton's cabin ; and, as they had often done asked for bread. But instead of taking the bread Wisuska had seized Eona's hand, saying, "The pale-face's beautiful daughter must go with Wisuska, for to-night her home will be burned and all her people scalped. Wisuska loves the beautiful pale-face, he has walked many miles to save her life, and now he will carry her back to his wigwam and let her dress his venison."

Nokoma had caught and tied Tommie's hands ; and despite Eona's entreaties and Tommie's threats, they had been placed on their father's horse, and carried away towards the mountains. After they had gone a few miles Wisuska turned back, but Nokoma pushed on till after midnight, stopping at last at the foot of a rugged little mountain. Climbing up its side, they found Lona, the old fortune-telling squaw sitting beside a bright fire that lit up the little rock cavern that they were in. Here they were carefully guarded by Lona and Nokoma, however, on the third night Tommie managed to escape. Following the water courses, he had, after three days of hunger and hardships, reached his father's old spring where he met Walter Harris.

Before noon the next day, Walter Harris, Tommie and Harvey Jones were back at the rock cavern where Tommie had left Eona ; but she was gone. But Jones soon found their trail leading away towards the northwest. 'Twas evident that they were not many hours behind the Indians, for the broken twigs along the trail had hardly withered.

Following the top of a narrow ridge that lay between two ivy-covered hollows, they had lost the trail and were preparing to camp when the tell-tale neigh of a horse in the ivies below put them on the alert. Jones and Tommie hurried off with their horses while Harris

watched for the Indian that he knew would be out scouting.

His companions were hardly gone when Walter was shot at from the thicket. Heedless of danger, he plunged into the thicket after the Indian, hoping to find Eona. His hopes were soon realized. There she lay with the two Indian brothers standing over her. 'Twas but the work of a moment. Two shots were fired, and Wisuska's life-blood was staining the bosom of the girl he had tried to save. When Wisuska fell, Lona and Nokoma disappeared in the thicket, but Harvey Jones had caught a glimpse of Lona, as she hurried down the dark ravine, and there had forever ended her fortune-telling.

Eona was sick, and had fainted when the first shot was fired. When she regained consciousness, Tommie and Walter were bathing her hands. Looking up at Walter she said, "I believed you would come." Walter afterwards said that although his arm was badly wounded, this was the happiest moment of his life.

Nokoma alone escaped. When he reached the Indian-town, Wisuska's wigwam had been torn down. Occonostolla, a haughty and jealous young chief, had told the warriors that Wisuska had betrayed them. He said, "The pale face's scalp in Wisuska's belt was taken from the Creek Indian that he killed. Wisuska was a dog and claimed it himself."

When Nokoma told them that Wisuska had died fighting the pale-face, the Indians were satisfied, and said, "Occonostolla has lied." Did Nokoma keep his secret?

L. D. G.

History of Class of Nineteen Hundred.

In February 1896, there was seen wandering over the campus of Clemson College a large number of "Rats" all anxious to make Fresh. But as a matter of fact a great many were aiming too high and fell far short of their expectations. Those who made Fresh joined with those who passed up from Prep. made a class of about seventy. That seventy constituted what is now known as the class of 1900. Well does the writer remember the morning of Feb. 19, 1896, when these home-sick looking boys were marched into the chapel and after devotional exercise by President Craighead were told by him that they were the ugliest looking "Rats" that ever came to Clemson.

During the four and one-half years of our college life our members have been constantly dropping off until at present there are only twenty-eight. For this twenty-eight who yet remain to tell the story it may be said that while it is hoped that we have enjoyed a period of development our career here has not been without its lights and shadows. We wish to forget the shadows, and as we turn from our Alma Mater to take up our duties elsewhere, we take with us the highest respect and best wishes for her, fully confident that in the future we shall realize that this institution has been to us an inspiration, and that to think of the time spent here will be to recall a pleasant time in our lives.

We now take pleasure in presenting to the public, in alphabetical order, the names of the members. By each man's name a short account of him is given.

W. G. ADAMS.

W. G. Adams, "Boer Shote," was born April 22, 1880, at Florence, S. C. Went to school awhile at Florence

and came to this college in 1895. In the early part of his college career he became a member of the Columbia Society and has served one term as its President.

Throughout his term at Clemson he has been connected with the Y. M. C. A., serving part of the time as secretary of it, and all the time as an active member.

Adams took a Civil Engineering course and has been devoted to that work, especially road making.

During his Senior year he has been Lieutenant in "B" company.

Characteristic : Piety.

J. E. ALL.

J. E. All, was born at Allendale, S. C., June 22, 1878. Professor's early days were spent at the Allendale Graded School. Afterwards he took a four month's course at the Osborne Business College, Augusta, Ga., and came to Clemson in February 1896. Since his connection with the college he has been an important man and known by the students as "Professor, or Fes." Fes. was for awhile a member of the Band, has been a charter member of the Glee Club, an active member of the Calhoun Society, and a consistent member of the Y. M. C. A., being sent by that organization to the Summer School at Knoxville, in 1897. He is to graduate as lieutenant in "A" company. Characteristic: Brass.

L. W. AYER.

Lewis W. Ayer was born in St. James' Parish, Berkley County, S. C., Nov. 20, 1873. Lewis was raised on the farm and has been a hard worker and a strong believer in the maxim, "Where there is a will there is a way." He attended the Orangeburg Graded School during the years '91, and '92, came to Clemson in the spring of 1894, where he was until his Junior year, a member of the class

of 1899. Upon finding that he had to leave College to further the expenses of completing his education, accepted a position at Rock Hill and returned to the College to graduate with this class.

Lewis is familiarly known among the cadets as "Uncle Duncan." Uncle Duncan took an Agricultural Course, and in that department was especially devoted to Dairying. He, with others, was one time sent by our Y. M. C. A. to the Summer School at Knoxville, also was one of the delegates to the State Convention at Spartanburg in 1899. He has been a working member of the Calhoun Society, and has held important offices in that organization. During his Senior year he has been a 2nd Lieutenant in "F" company.

Characteristic: Love for the fair sex.

R. S. CANNON.

R. S. Cannon, nicknamed "Gun," was born May 1, 1878, at Utopia, in Newberry county. He received his early training at Utopia High School, called in those days Crab Orchard School.

"Gun" has been of a mechanical turn, and came to Clemson in 1895 to take an Electrical Course. He expects to be an electrician, although he thinks electricity runs too fast for him to follow. We believe, however, that he will be able to shoot and to aim high enough for his shot to keep up with his profession.

While here at College he has been a member of the Calumbian Society, and a 2nd Lieutenant in "E" company. He has been a diligent student and we predict for him a brilliant career in life.

Characteristic: Slow, but sure.

J. E. CAUGHMAN.

Mr. J. E. Caughman was born in what is now Saluda

county, in 1873. During his early life his schooling was received at Delmer High School. Jim is a son of a farmer.

In 1895 he came to Clemson College and during his career here has been taking an Electrical course in the Mechanical Department, which work he will probably pursue in after life. He has been a member of the Columbian Literary Society, and during his Senior year here he has held the important office in the Military Department as Senior Captain of "A" company. Jim has also been a member of the Glee Club.

Although he was born a few years before the Revolution, he doesn't think that he'll be too old to marry on Feb. "30," 1901.

Characteristic: Love for weed.

LOYD D. CLINKSCALES.

Lloyd D. Clinkscales, son of Prof. John G. Clinkscales, who was formerly connected with this institution as principal teacher of Mathematics, was born ———, ———, at Pacolet, S. C. "Bubber," during his early career here was a member of the class of '99, and in 1896 severed his connection with that class and went to Wofford College. He returned in 1897 to join this class and has taken a textile course. He was a member of the Columbian Society and a *warm speaker*. While with this class he has devoted some attention to baseball and prides himself in his ability to play. We trust that some day he may be a warm player. He is a Lieutenant in "C" company.

Characteristic: Remarkable pitcher.

H. B. DODD.

Hugh Blair Dodd, commonly called "Friend," was born Sept. 1, 1877 at Ford, Ga. He attended the University of Georgia before entering this College in 1898. Since



CLEMSON COLLEGE BASE BALL TEAM, 1900.

his connection with this institution he has been an earnest persevering student in the Civil Engineering Division of the Mechanical Department.

Friend has been a hard working member of the Columbian Society, having won several medals in its contests. He has been a member of the Y. M. C. A. and was sent as a delegate to the State Convention in the spring of 1900. In fall of 1899 he was elected President of Tennis Club No. 2.

Characteristic: Earnestness.

JACK R. DONALDSON.

1st Lieutenant Jack R. Donaldson was born at Parnassus, in Marlboro county, June 15, 1878. Jack has been an earnest, good-humored student. Before coming to Clemson he was a member of Parnassus Academy near his home. He came here in February 1897. During his career here Jack has been a member of the Columbian Society, where he has been an influential man and has held important positions. He has been taking a textile course, and will probably pursue that line of work after leaving here.

When Jack first came to Clemson he showed an indifference toward the fair sex, but during his latter years here he has been quite a society man.

Characteristic: Mistaken by some for a theological student.

H. G. EPPS.

Heber G. Epps, of Kingstree, in Williamsburg county, was born Sept. 29, 1875. Heber received his early training at Kingstree. He has been taking a Mechanical course here at College and his work has been especially devoted to Civil Engineering. Heber has long been called "White-folks" and some of the boys here don't know that his

name is Epps. Whitefolks has been a good member of the Y. M. C. A., an active member of the Calhoun Society and 1st Lieutenant in "A" company in his Senior year.

Characteristic: Good nature.

B. A. FLETCHER.

Baxter A. Fletcher was born May 20, 1888, in Marlboro county, near Gibson, N. C. Baxter came to Clemson in 1895, and entered the Freshman Class. Left College in 1897 and returned the next year and joined this class. He took a course in Civil Engineering and will probably pursue this work in after years. He was a member of the Columbian Literary Society and did some faithful work as a member of that organization.

During his Senior year he was Lieutenant in "B" company. Characteristic: ———.

W. D. GEORGE.

Mr. W. D. George was born in Lexington county at Lexington C. H., in 1872. His early schooling was obtained at the Lexington Graded School. He came to Clemson in 1895 and during his career here has been gradually climbing. He has been pursuing a course in Electrical Engineering in the Mechanical Department of the College. Has been a faithful member of the Columbian Literary Society. Has reached the high rank in the Military Department as Lieutenant and Quartermaster, and as editor of the *White Line*, has proven his efficiency as a distributor. *Bill* is also famous as a competent announcer of approaching Dress Parade.

Characteristic: Opening tight doors.

H. K. GRAY.

Harry K. Gray was born Feb. 20, 1879, in Greenville, S. C. Went to school for a few months in Augusta, Ga. Afterwards completed his preparatory education at the

Graded School of Greenville, and came to Clemson in Feb. 1896.

During his career here Harry has been connected with the Baseball team and has been a strong supporter of it, serving most of the time as first baseman. He has also been a strong and influential member of the Palmetto Society. He took an Agricultural course.

Characteristic: Honesty.

J. J. GRAY.

Joseph J. Gray was born April 28, 1880, at Stillwood, Barnwell county, S. C., entered Clemson College in Feb. 1895. During his last two years at school he has been connected with the Band.

He has been a member of the Palmetto Society and has served one term as its President.

He is a brilliant student and has been taking a course in Civil Engineering in the Mechanical Department. He is devoted to athletics, music and young ladies.

Characteristic: Vivacity.

J. LELAND KENNEDY.

J. L. Kennedy, originally called "Lord Byron," but finally, "Lord," was born in Laurens, S. C., July 1878. He attended the Male Academy at Laurens for awhile, afterwards attended the Graded School at the same place, and spent three years of his boyhood at school in Charleston. Came to Clemson in 1896. Being imbued with a patriotic spirit, and a desire to see more of the world, he joined the Navy as a volunteer in the spring of 1898, where he served faithfully as a humble seaman for about three months. Was sent to Cuba and enjoyed on that trip many rich experiences. Upon being mustered out he returned to college in the fall, and until the present time has been intimately connected with some of the

leading organizations among the corps of cadets. Has been Drum Major. Has been an active member of and was one time President of the Palmetto Society where he has shown himself to be a man of executive ability.

"Lord" has also served for two years on the CHRONICLE staff, serving part of his Junior year as Local Editor and his Senior year as Editor-in-Chief.

Characteristic: Roaming Disposition.

JOHN H. KINSLER.

J. H. Kinsler was born in July, 1877, in Richland county. Came here in 1894; entered Low Prep. and has been climbing each successive year. By working during vacation, he has paid his way through school, and it might be said that he deserves much credit for the diligence with which he has pursued his course. John has taken an Agricultural course, and will, perhaps, continue his work in that direction in the future.

He has been a member of the Palmetto Society and was one time its President. In his Senior year was Captain of Company "C." John played Foot-Ball in 1899, being Centre on Varsity.

Characteristic: Persistency.

F. A. LAWTON.

Mr. F. A. Lawton, "Ducky," was born at Lawtonville in Hampton county, Sept. 22, 1880. Ducky came to Clemson, Feb. 25th, 1896, and since his connection with this college has been making rapid strides and has proven himself to be a worthy student. He took an Agricultural course, became early a member of the Palmetto Society and was elected to serve as its President one term, which position he filled admirably well.

During his Senior year he was one of the Local Editors on the CHRONICLE staff, and in that capacity he did well

his part. He graduated as 1st Lieutenant in "C" company.

GUS P. LEWIS, (D. D. C.)

Gus P. Lewis, born Feb. 23, 1880, in Greenville county, afterwards moved to this place and entered college here in 1894. Since his career here Gus has been an important man in athletics, having served two years as quarterback on the foot-ball team. He took a course in Electrical Engineering of the Mechanical Department, and will probably continue that work in the future.

Gus is a member of the Glee Club and in that capacity has proven his efficiency in more ways than one. He has also been a member of the Calhoun Society.

Characteristic: ———

S. E. LILES.

S. E. Liles was born at Brightsville, Marlboro county, Dec. 16, 1877. Sam, as he is commonly called, came here in 1895 and entered the Freshman class, but for good reasons stopped one year and returned to join this class in 1897, and has been a bright light in the class ever since.

Sam was one of the Exchange Editors on the CHRONICLE staff and a member of the Columbian Literary Society, where he has proven his efficiency in many ways. He has taken a course in Civil Engineering and expects to pursue that work in life. During his Senior year he has been Captain of Company "D".

Characteristic: Exceedingly diffident.

COLUMBUS E. MAULDIN.

C. E. Mauldin, "Chinaman," was born in Pickens county, Feb. 23, 1878. "Chinaman" lived in the above named county for a few years when his folks moved to Greenville, S. C., and afterwards to Atlanta, Ga., in 1892. His

preparatory education before coming to Clemson was received, principally, in Greenville. He entered this institution in 1895, and while here has proven himself to be a hard and persevering student. "Chinaman's" history while here is closely connected with base-ball, having played for several seasons as short stop, and having been an active man in promoting the welfare of the successive teams in every way possible. He was elected Captain of team for season of 1900. He has been an able member of the Columbian Literary Society and has held honorable positions in it. During his Senior year has served the important and responsible office as Business Manager of THE CHRONICLE, where he has proven himself to be an excellent Manager and a man of business ability. During his Senior year he was Captain of "E" company.

Characteristic: Shrewdness.

LELAND O. MAULDIN.

L. O. Mauldin, "Os" was born at Pickens, S. C., May 10, 1878. He received his early schooling at and near Pickens and came to Clemson in Feb. 1896. Os has been elected by his class as Historian and while he realizes that this important duty could not have fallen to more unworthy hands he hopes that the accounts of the members given in his humble way will be of interest to some. He has been a member of the Calhoun Society and has served as President of that body. He was sent as a delegate from that society in 1898 to Columbia to meet with delegates from other colleges of the State and form the Constitution and By-Laws of the South Carolina Oratorical Association. He has also served two and one-half years on the CHRONICLE staff. During his Junior year he served as assistant on the Exchange Department and

during the Senior year he has served as one of the Literary Editors.

He has been during his Senior year Captain of "B" company.

A. P. NORRIS.

"Old Prue" was born June 17, 1873, at Starr Station, Anderson county, near Cross Roads Church. Prue afterwards moved to Greenville county, where he was raised on the farm. He came here when the college opened in 1893 and has been with the college in its "ups and downs" until the present time. In this respect he has been one of the pioneers of this class. He has been a member of the Calhoun Society, one time serving as President, and at other times holding important positions. Prue is a firm believer in staying at a place when once settled there and for that reason he has made Clemson his home since he came. He deserves much credit for his persevering efforts in working his way through school, and we believe that he will pursue with diligence his work in life. He has taken an Agricultural course. Was Lieutenant in "D" during his Senior year.

Characteristic: Very practical.

SILAS DEAN PEARMAN.

Mr. S. D. Pearman, of Anderson, S. C., was born Feb. 6, 1880. Dean received his early training in and near Anderson, having attended part of the time, the Patrick Military Institute. He came to Clemson in 1895, and while here has done much earnest and faithful work as a student. He has been a member of the Calhoun Society, has served one term as its President, and has shown himself to be a first class speaker. He is now a member of the Executive Committee of the South Carolina Oratori-

cal Association. Dean is taking a Textile course and expects to continue this work in the future.

During his Senior year he was Captain of 'F' company. Characteristic: Love for Ladysmith.

B. H. RAWL.

B. H. Rawl was born May 2, 1876, in Lexington County. In early life he attended Boilston Academy, in Hollow Creek Township. "Jake," as he is known, is a characteristic farmer. He was raised on the farm and came to Clemson in February, 1896. He has taken an Agricultural Course. As a student he has proven himself to be a man of excellent ability; has been an influential member of the Palmetto Society; has been president of that organization and held other positions of honor in it; he is a charter member of the Glee Club; president of Foot Ball Aids Society, and under his good control that society has done much to promote the interest of foot ball. He has been two years Assistant Business Manager of the CHRONICLE, and has given valuable aid when needed. "Jake" was made member of the Band in May, 1896, and in February, 1898, was made its leader, and it is through his ability as an organizer that we have been blessed at times with such excellent music. Characteristic jollity.

A. F. RIGGS.

Mr. Arthur F. Riggs, of Orangeburg, S. C., came to Clemson in 1897 and joined this class at the beginning of the Sophomore year.

Arthur is a brother of Prof. W. M. Riggs, and has been a bright student. He has taken a course in Electrical Engineering of the Mechanical Department and may continue that line of work in the future. Arthur at one

time resided in barracks, but during his Senior year was a "D. D. C." He has been a member of the Calhoun Society where he has proven himself to be a good Declaimer. He has done some excellent work in that organization. Has been a member of Glee Club.

S. MAXWELL SLOAN.

Mr. S. M. Sloan was born at Pendleton, S. C., June 22, 1880. Max. is a son of our Secretary and Treasurer, Dr. P. H. E. Sloan. He is a D. D. C., and has been attending school here since 1894. Owing to a peculiar incident not altogether connected with his history Max has been given the name "Scroggings." Although "Scroggings" has been attending school here for some time he entered when quite young. He has been a member of the Calhoun Society and has served one term as its president.

Old Scroggings has taken a Textile Course and will probably continue his work as a textile engineer in the future.

J. FRANCIS SULLIVAN.

J. Francis Sullivan was born at Hendersonville, N. C., June 23, 1878. Francis' father, D. A. J. Sullivan, came to this country from Limerick County, Ireland, and married Miss Ella T. Barkly, of Charleston. He was an architect and builder.

Francis received his early schooling at graded and in private schools in Charleston, came to Clemson in 1896, joined the Calhoun Literary Society, won a Declaimer's medal in the contest of that society in 1896, and has distinguished himself in other respects as a member. He is a charter member of Glee Club, a charter member of Foot Ball Team, and has served two years as manager of the team; played right end in '97, and in '98 and '99 played half-back. He was for one year Assistant Busi-

ness Manager of the CHRONICLE, and was Business Manager for another year. He was a member of the Tennis Club, and in 1900 was president of same.

Francis took Electrical Engineering and expects to pursue that course in life.

In his senior year he was adjutant in the Corps of Cadets.

Characteristic—promptness (at meals).

J. N. WALKER.

Mr. Norman Walker was born July 21, 1880. Norman is a son of Mr. R. H. Walker, a successful farmer of Appleton, Barnwell county.

He is one of the youngest men in the class, yet is the largest, and is known by some as "Sky Rocket." While justly mindful of other college duties "Sky Rocket" has made a brilliant record in athletics at Clemson. His history is blended with that of our foot ball teams. He began as a scrub on the first foot ball team in 1896. In the season of 1896, and in the season of 1897 played right guard on Varsity, in 1898 played right guard and right tackle on Varsity, and in 1899 played right tackle. At close of season of 1898 he was elected captain of the team, and by his efficiency in that position proved worthy of a re-election at close of season of 1899.

Norman has been a member of the Palmetto Society, and has one term shown himself to be a worthy president of that organization. He has been a First Lieutenant in "A" company, has taken an agricultural course, and expects to specialize in veterinary science.

Characteristic : Sport.

CLAUD H. WELLS.

C. H. Wells, who on account of the tallness and other characteristics is known as "Ichabod," was born in

Orangeburg county, at Wells, P. O., March 8, 1876. "Ichabod" is a farmer's son and was raised on the farm. Has had bad health part of his life, but since coming to Clemson and enjoying the invigorating influences of Upper South Carolina's climate his health has been better. He has taken an agricultural course and in that department has been a faithful student among Nineteen Hundred's twelve.

He has been a good worker in the Columbian Society and in that organization has held positions of honor. "Ichabod" has contributed many valuable articles to the CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE, and in this way has been active in promoting the welfare of that journal.

During his Senior year he has been a First Lieutenant in "E" company.

Characteristic : Modesty.



The Clemson College Chronicle.

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the

CALHOUN, COLUMBIAN AND PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF
CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

J. L. KENNEDY.....	Editor-in-Chief
L. O. MAULDIN, E. M. MATTHEWS.....	Literary Editors
S. E. LILES, Q. B. NEWMAN.....	Exchange Editors
F. A. LAWTON, W. G. HILL.....	Local and Alumni Editors
C. E. MAULDIN.....	Business Manager
B. H. RAWL.....	Assistant

Contributions are solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance.

Our Advertising Rates are as follows :

One page, per year.....	\$20 00
One-half page, per year.....	12 00
One-fourth page, per year	8 00
One inch, per year.....	5 00

Editorial Department.

J. L. KENNEDY, - - - - - EDITOR.

With this issue the present staff of editors retire from office, having served the full term of one scholastic year. Throughout it has been our earnest endeavor to accomplish the work for which the CHRONICLE was organized,

and to maintain the high standard of excellence to which it had been raised by the two staffs who preceded us. While we have erred in many ways and have been guilty of numerous blunders, it was through no lack of earnestness of purpose on our part. It is with pleasure that we take a retrospective view of the past year and observe the brilliant success of, and the good work accomplished by the various college publications. All of our contemporary college journals give evidence of the fact that all those connected with college journalism have done most commendable service in their various capacities. Our exchanges have been prompt in coming out each month, and were always replete with interesting articles, both grove and gay; still another creditable feature of these magazines, which may not be considered of such great importance, but which we deem it fit to mention, is the attractive outward appearance which most of them presented. The editors showed marked taste in the selection of covers, designs, &c.

Our successors will be elected by the societies before this issue comes from the press, and it is with the profoundest interest in the future welfare of the CHRONICLE that we retire from the sanctum and turn over to our successors the work which we have been endeavoring to continue.

Short Stories. Knowing that our successors will be in a better position than ourselves to see wherein the deficiencies of the CHRONICLE lie, we shall not attempt to make any lengthy suggestions as to the future policy in selecting material for publication, but will briefly refer to the value of short stories. While it has often been impossible to obtain short stories of any real merit, we have in a few instances succeeded in obtaining pro-

ductions of this character, and the issue was made much more interesting in virtue of the fact that it contained some light fiction. We have used every available means to induce the students to honor us with such productions as the above mentioned, but in many instances our efforts have proved futile. In view of the fact that the CHRONICLE is appreciated and enjoyed a great deal more by the average reader when it contains a few short stories, interspersed with more or less solid matter, we would advise our successors to always make it a point of prime importance to obtain a reasonable amount of fiction for each issue. Some incentive must be used to arouse the interest of the students in writing along this line. Just what the nature of that incentive is to be we shall not venture to say; but we feel confident that our worthy successors will be able to devise some means by which to obtain stories.



Exchange Department.

Q. E. LILES, '00. { - - - - - - EDITORS.
S. B. NEWMAN, '01, }

With this issue our terms of office as exchange editors end, and we entrust this department to those whom the societies deem fit to place it in charge. It is with feelings of deep regret that we sever our connections as editors with the CHRONICLE, but with confident hopes for the future of our journal, as we know that our successors will execute their work in a manner which will hold the CHRONICLE up to the high standard of excellence characteristic of Southern college journalism. From being in the position of exchange editors we have been enabled to keep directly in touch with college magazine literature and it has been a privilege and pleasure to us to be allowed to peruse the various college journals. Knowing that our successors will be in a better position to judge of what improvements are needed, and that these improvements will be duly made, we do not deem it necessary to presume so much as to make suggestions as to what shall be the future policy of college journalism. With profoundest interest in the CHRONICLE'S future we retire from the sanctum.

Local and Alumni.

W. G. HILL, }
F. A. LAWTON, } - - - - - - - - EDITORS.

It is with feelings of pleasure mingled with regrets that we take up our pen to chronicle the happenings of our last college month for the session of 1900. Of pleasure that our duties are almost done and happy vacation is almost here; of regrets that we will have to so soon separate from college chums and pleasant associations while here. The past term has been one of continuous prosperity in every department of the college. Our textile school, at first an experiment, has grown until now it is one of the most important adjuncts of the institution. The electrical department has found it necessary to double its equipment in order to meet increasing demands. Its graduates are to be found holding well paying positions all over the United States. The agricultural department, too, has been made more thorough and is today the best to be found in the South. A magnificent road has been built from Calhoun to Clemson, and by the next September a railroad will have been constructed between these two points. And last, but not least, our athletics have made us known among the colleges throughout the Southern States.

Reviewing thus our history broadly, at the same time keeping in mind, the minor events which have occurred, we are proud of the record of Clemson College for 1900.

We were very much pleased by the performance given in our auditorium by the Walhalla Comedy Company on April 29th. This troupe is composed of local talent only, and is one of the very best that we have seen.

Miss Childs, a pretty young lady from Columbia visited Mrs. Albert Barnes recently.

Maj. Klugh and his brother Fred were called home on account of the serious illness of their father, some time ago. We are glad to learn that he is almost well now.

The sixth annual contest of the Columbian Literary Society, was held on Friday night, May 5th. The occasion was a very enjoyable one.

On account of the sickness of Mr. Phillips the debate was omitted from the order of exercises.

Messrs. Chreitzberg and M. E. Zeigler were the declaimers, while Messrs. Newman and Dodd were orators. The medals were awarded to Dodd for best orator, and Zeigler for best declaimer. Profs. Hartzog, Brodie and Boehm acting as judges.

Clemson and Charleston College played a game of baseball on our diamond on the 7th inst. Score : Clemson, 12 ; Charleston College, 0.

We also had a game with the Citadel Cadets on the 9th inst. Score : Clemson, 9 ; Citadel, 0.

Mr. T. O. Lawton was called home sometime ago, on account of the sad death of his sister. We extend to Cadet Lawton our heartfelt sympathy.

The following editors will compose the CHRONICLE staff next year :

W. G. Hill—Editor-in-Chief.

W. E. McLendon—Business Manager.

E. B. Boykin—Assistant Manager.

E. M. Matthews, M. E. Zeigler—Literary Editors.

Q. B. Newman, W. A. Burgess—Exchange Editors.
G. D. Levey, F. G. DeSassure—Local Editors.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. Anderson, our former Biologist, will be with us next year.

The baseball season is over, much to the regret of many. The team's record this year was unusually good. We give below a schedule of games won and lost :

March 27th—Clemson, 9 ; Cornell University, 7.

April 7th—Clemson, 6 ; Erskine College, 2.

“ 14th—Clemson, 5 ; Furman University, 1.

“ 20th—Clemson, 7 ; Erskine College, 13.

“ 27th—Clemson, 0 ; Wofford College, 6.

May 7th—Clemson, 12 ; Charleston College, 0.

“ 9th—Clemson, 9 ; S. C. M. Academy, 0.

“ 11th—Clemson, 2 ; Newberry College, 1.

“ 12th—Clemson, 5 ; S. C. College, 4.

“ 16th—Clemson, 13 ; University of Georgia, 3.

The officers for the team next year are :

W. G. Hill, Manager.

M. N. Hunter, Captain.

Columbian Society officers for next season are :

M. E. Zeilzer, President.

J. W. Bleose, Vice President.

A. O. Bowers, Secretary.

E. B. Boykin, Literary Critic.

J. B. Watkins, Corresponding Secretary.

Q. B. Newman, Sergeant-at-Arms.

W. H. Barnwell, Treasurer.

Calhoun Society :

E. M. Matthews, President.

W. C. Forsythe, Vice President.

T. K. Glen, Secretary.
W. R. Darlington, Jr., Literary Critic.
J. E. Martin, Treasurer.
J. B. Tinsley, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Palmetto Society :

W. G. Hill, President.
J. C. Duckworth, Vice President.
T. S. Perrin, Secretary.
W. H. Burgess, Literary Critic.
J. D. Hunter, Treasurer.
T. O. Lawton, Pros. Critic.
G. Black, Censor.
F. G. Breazele, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Palmetto Literary Society will hold its annual contest in the Memorial Hall, on Friday night, September 28th. The following speakers will take part in the exercises : G. D. Levey and W. G. Templeton, declaimers ; T. S. Perrin and W. W. Cobb, debaters ; J. F. Moore and J. D. Hunter, orators ; W. G. Hill, presiding officer.

Commencement this year bids fair to be one of the most successful in the history of the college. Already the hotels and houses on the campus are engaged to their utmost accommodation. We give below the order of exercises for commencement week :

FRIDAY, JUNE, 8TH.

11:00 A. M.—Address to Graduating Class.

President Geo. T. Winston, LL. D.

8:30 P. M.—Alumni Address, R. McLendon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9TH.

11:00 A. M.—Commencement Exercises and Delivery of Diplomas.

8:30 P. M.—Glee Club Entertainment.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH.

11:00 A. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon, Bishop Ellison Capers.

8:30 P. M.—Farewell Exercises, Y. M. C. A.

MONDAY NIGHT, JUNE 11TH.

Annual Hop, given by Junior Class.

Financial Statement of Manager of Base Ball Team:

Total receipts up to end of season of 1900.	\$768.83
Total expenditures up to same time,	517.25
Amount on hand,	\$251.58

W. G. HILL,
Manager.

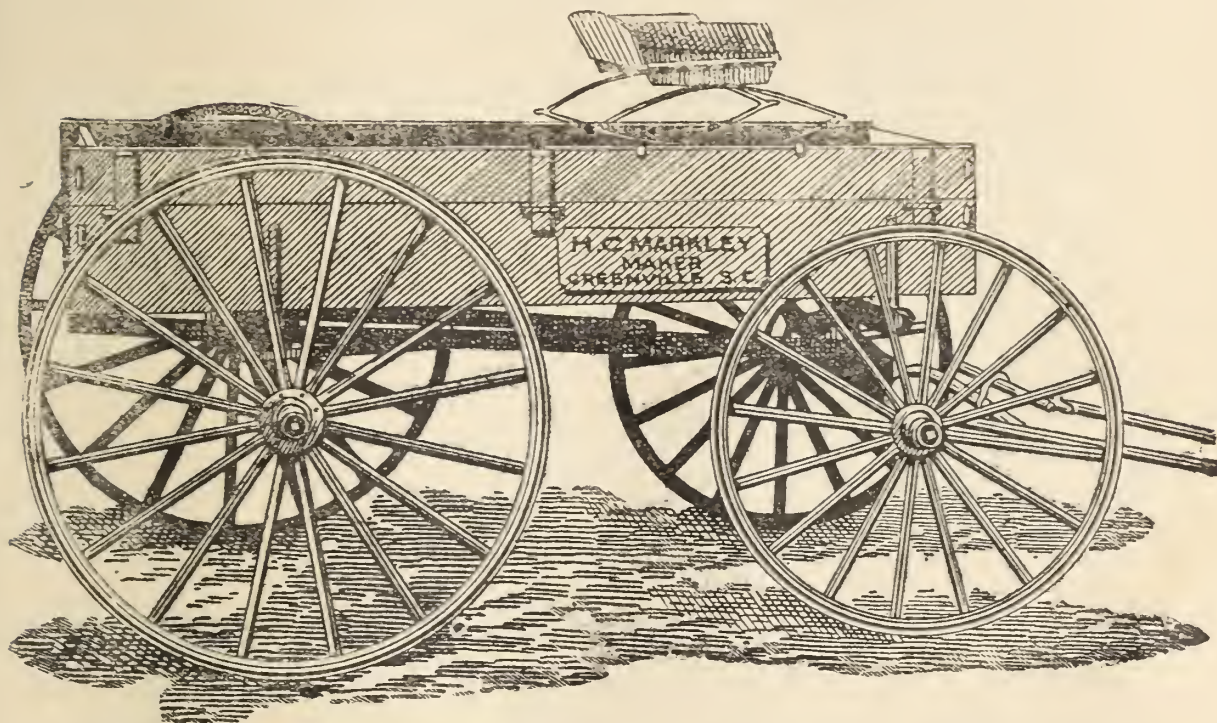
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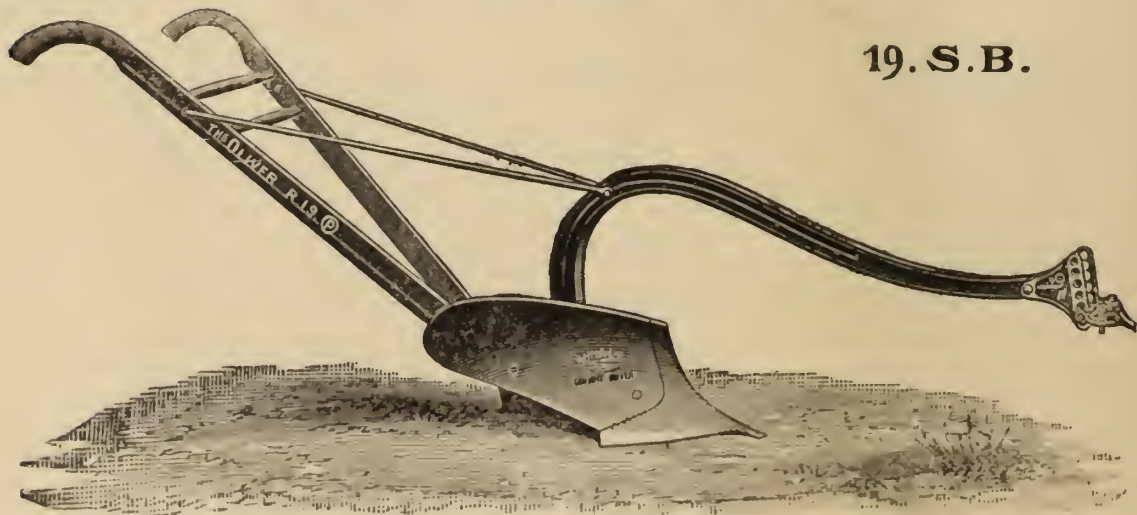
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C. E. Mauldin, Business Manager.

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R. N. Reeves, Secretary.

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C. Douthit, Manager.

J. N. Walker, Captain Team '00.

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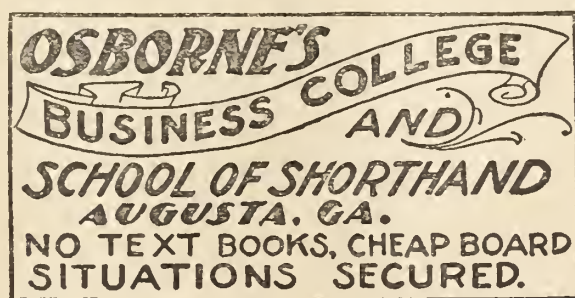
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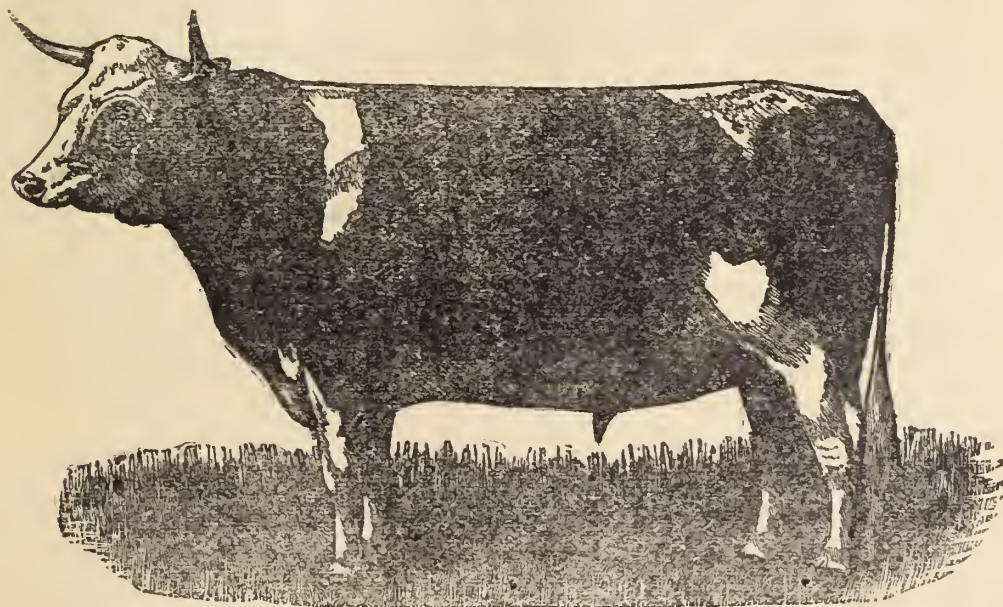
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Fall :- Annoucement

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